

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

## Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

## POETRY.

## IF I HAD THIS OR THAT.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lad  
And lived in a hut in the wood,  
No books, no lamp, no time he had,  
And yet, it is said, he wrote  
He traded many miles to borrow a book.  
The light of the flickering fire he took  
And studied whenever he could,  
And none of his friends ever heard him  
In any self-exalting and hopeless way.  
"If I had this or that, I would."

When Joan of Arc was a little maid,  
Untutored, gentle, good,  
And France was conquered and dismayed,  
By England's mastery,  
She had no wealth, no armament,  
Alone, with her faith, the little maid  
And freed her land as she could,  
And nobody ever heard her say,  
In a listless, longing, empty way,  
"If I had this or that, I would."

When young Jim Watt sat by the fire  
And watched the burning wood,  
He saw the kettle's lid mount higher,  
And observed an unimportant crowd,  
He had no need of a laboratory  
To plan the great steam engine's  
glory.  
He used his eyes as he could,  
And he never once was heard to say,  
In a listless, listless, futile way,  
"If I had this or that, I would."

If now you read your histories o'er  
(And I earnestly think you should),  
The fact will improve you more and more  
In the lives of the great and good,  
That they were those who never held  
back.  
For circumstances or material lack—  
But none are did what they could,  
And never a one was heard to say,  
In the weak, surrendering, doubtful way,  
"If I had this or that, I would."

## DOWN ON THE OLD ST. JOHN'S.

I wish I was down on the Old St.  
John's,  
Whar' the palms an' the hyacinth  
grows;  
An' the fish leap up as yer row along,  
An' splash an' splash an' splash on yer toes—  
Down on the Old St. John's!  
Whar' the moss hangs down from the  
cypress trees;  
An' the turtles lie in the sun,  
An' the river glides along smooth—  
Down on the Old St. John's!  
Whar' nature her work has done,  
Go down that at'ly in the morn',  
Jes' when the sun is out,  
An' hear the birds a singin',  
An' callin' all about 'em,  
Down on the Old St. John's!  
With a hook an' line an' a good stout  
pole,  
My gun an' Bob, the dog,  
I could spend a week at that good old  
place,  
An' fish on a stranded log—  
Down on the Old St. John's,  
DONALD PECKHAM, Age 12,  
Orange City, Fla.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Since we have talked to you about the potato it may be well to have a little chat about the Ten-lined Sneakman, or Colorado potato beetle, which was unknown outside of Colorado 60 years ago.  
When these little beetles decided to adopt the potato as their favorite food and to cross the continent in search of it, they were found to travel about 40 miles each year.  
These beetles multiply so fast that a single pair will produce sixty million in a single year, and this is why everybody has to get busy to save the potatoes the moment they appear up on them.  
This little beetle created such excitement and so much fear that it came near breaking up trade between

## TOMMY TIDD.

Tommy Tidd says:

Willie Didn't Obey His Mother.  
Willie was a little boy. He always used to slide down the stairs when he came down in the morning, and he did this day after day, and one morning his mother saw him slide down and told him not to, and he didn't slide down again for a few weeks.  
But one day his mother asked him if he wanted to go with her to the store.  
Willie said he was sick, so she said he could stay home.  
When she had gone Willie slid down the stairs and he fell off and got hurt.  
His mother found it out and called a doctor.  
The doctor said Willie had broken his arm, and he didn't slide again.  
After this he did as he was told.  
We should always obey our parents.  
SUSAN MATTIN, Age 10,  
Mansfield Center.

Hans Christian Andersen.  
Hans Christian Andersen was born in Odense, the capital of the island of Funen. His father taught him to read and Andersen learned to write.  
When Hans was a very little boy his father took him for long Sunday walks and pointed out to him the beauties of the woods and meadows, or told him stories from the Arabian Nights.  
At home the evenings were spent in dressing dolls for his favorite show. All day Hans played with his theatre and soon began to imagine plays and characters for his dolls. He wrote programs for them as soon as he was able.  
When Hans was 12 years old his father died. His mother went out washing for the neighbors. Hans was

## England and the United States in this vegetable.

It was so numerous in some parts of Ohio in the fall of 1881 that it crawled over the tracks of the railways and interfered with the speed of the cars; and since that day they have become a pest in all parts of America.  
No insect in modern times has created such excitement in the world as this little beetle.

## THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1.—Helen R. Klingon, of Colchester—Young Aeroplanes in Italy.
- 2.—Ellsworth Hamilton, of Goshen, Mass.—The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods.
- 3.—Helen Frink, of Norwich—A Journey of Joy.
- 4.—Charlotte Benjamin, of Norwich—Blue-Grass Seminary Girls on the Water.
- 5.—Helen Gorman, of Norwich—Blue-Grass Seminary Girls in the Mountains.
- 6.—Katherine Lee Bruno, of Norwich—Young Aeroplanes in Italy.
- 7.—Arlene Weatherhead, of Williamstown—Ethel Maston at Rose House.
- 8.—Gabrielle Bujak, of Mansfield Center—The Boy Scouts in the Mountains.

Winners of prize books living in the city may call at the Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

## LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Celia K. Sterry, of Brooklyn, N. Y.: I thank Uncle Jed for the prize book you sent me. I have been so busy that I acknowledge it always seemed to be put off. It was a very interesting story.  
Gabrielle Bujak, of Mansfield Center: Thanks for the nice prize book you sent me entitled "Our Young Aeroplanes in Russia." I've read it almost through and think it is very interesting.  
Eleanor Byrne, of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I am reading it and find it very interesting.

## STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

My Pet Deer.  
Our farm was about one mile from the school, and so as to come home the quicker I used to take a short cut through the lots.  
When going through the lots I had to pass a house that had a dog of which I was afraid. This dog, whose name was Buster, would always chase me. One day while coming home from school the dog charged at me as usual. I jumped over the stone wall, the dog also doing this, stumbled over something which at once produced a cry of pain, and fell. The dog was at once upon me, but luckily there was a piece of wood near my hand which I picked up and with which I frightened the dog away.  
I went over to the spot where the cry of pain had come from and found a little deer with a bleeding leg. The deer looked at me with frightened eyes, for I supposed he thought I was going to harm him, as had the person who had injured him. After saying tender words to him, he seemed to have lost some of his fear. I picked up the little creature and went home where I bathed his leg and made a comfortable bed for him to lie on.  
I being always with him he became very tame and followed me about like a pet dog. I named him Beauty, for he really was one. Beauty would go everywhere in the woods and fields, but would always return.  
One day, about two years after I had found him, Beauty was amusing himself among the trees of the grove which belonged to our farm. When some trespassers arrived, and Beauty seeing their guns became very frightened for he must have remembered what harm another gun had done him. Before he had a chance to run a bullet passed through his heart.  
Helen R. Klingon, Age 13,  
Colchester.

## Passing-It On.

A Sunday school teacher after conducting a lesson on the story of Jacob's Ladder concluded by saying: "Now, is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"  
Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment and then raised her hand.  
"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.  
"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels had wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"  
The teacher thought for some moments and then, looking about the class, asked:  
"Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"  
Yantic.

## Willie Didn't Obey His Mother.

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But one day his mother asked him if he wanted to go with her to the store.  
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We should always obey our parents.  
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## Hans Christian Andersen.

Hans Christian Andersen was born in Odense, the capital of the island of Funen. His father taught him to read and Andersen learned to write.  
When Hans was a very little boy his father took him for long Sunday walks and pointed out to him the beauties of the woods and meadows, or told him stories from the Arabian Nights.  
At home the evenings were spent in dressing dolls for his favorite show. All day Hans played with his theatre and soon began to imagine plays and characters for his dolls. He wrote programs for them as soon as he was able.  
When Hans was 12 years old his father died. His mother went out washing for the neighbors. Hans was

## sent to a cloth-weaving factory, where he earned a small weekly wage.

Hans left the factory and went to Copenhagen, where he stayed in the city saw an end to his money.  
He applied to a director of a music school where he was asked to sing and recite.  
The men made a collection between them and the director trained his voice. In six months he found employment in a theatre.  
University life followed that of school, and Hans took a good degree. His poems were published and his health and prosperity followed.  
He died when he was 70 years old.  
ANNA CORCORAN,  
Lowell, Mass.

## The Green Twins.

They were just exactly the same size, with the same beady black eyes and their feet looked as if they might have come from the same mold. They dressed alike, too, in lovely green coats and hoods edged in red. Their voices were at all sweet, but they loved to sing, and never seemed to mind if people did laugh.  
They lived in a cigar store, where they were often spoken to and given French candy, and they were loved and admired, but if anybody talked crossly to them they would fly and scratch.  
This seems very naughty, but Polly and Patty were not little girls but boys.  
Mr. Peters, the man who kept the store, bought them of a sailor. They could only speak Spanish then, but they soon learned English.  
As they were very tame he did not keep them in a cage, but let them perch on a pair of large deer horns in the front of the store. They never tried to get away but would say: "How do you do?" and see you when anyone came in, and "Goodbye, come again," when they went.  
One day Mrs. Peters, who was a very prim old lady, thought she was a little party home with her, as she was often very homesick.  
An old friend of Mrs. Peters called to see her. She was French and could not speak very good English. She tried to tell about the old fat noodle who had so many years that had just died. She cried as she talked, and Patty tried to comfort her by saying: "Don't cry, Mrs. Peters, you were a very prim old lady, thought she was a little party home with her, as she was often very homesick."  
Mrs. Peters called to see her. She was French and could not speak very good English. She tried to tell about the old fat noodle who had so many years that had just died. She cried as she talked, and Patty tried to comfort her by saying: "Don't cry, Mrs. Peters, you were a very prim old lady, thought she was a little party home with her, as she was often very homesick."

## KATHERINE GORMAN, Age 12.

## Norwich.

## Kindness.

The other day Gertrude bought a book with the money her aunt had given her for a birthday present, and was hurrying home to read it when she passed a blind beggar woman.  
"Please help the blind!" cried the woman.  
Gertrude felt sorry, but as her last cent was spent she had nothing to give the woman.  
Just then a lady and a girl went by. They were richly dressed and as they passed the beggar woman Gertrude saw the lady give the girl some money to help her. The money fell on the sidewalk and rolled away, but she did not stop to pick it up.  
The beggar heard the sound of the money as it fell, but could not find herself. Nor did she need to, for Gertrude ran forward and in a minute was on her knees searching for the money. This took some time, but at last Gertrude found it all and handed it to the beggar.  
"May our God bless you, my child, and keep your heart true to the woman," "O, thank you," replied Gertrude, "that was no trouble. I am glad that I could help you."  
LENA KRAJEWSKI,  
Norwich.

## Can Any of the Wide-Awakes Guess?

When Helen Flske was 3 years old she had a birthday party and all her little friends were invited.  
They had a delightful time playing games and singing, and after supper they amused themselves guessing riddles for a time.  
The children told some very good ones that were hard to guess, but the one that puzzled them most of all was Helen's. Helen said, "I have a little girl who has had seven birthdays, and yet I know I am a great deal older than Helen. Can you tell me how that can be?"  
Mrs. Flske was not joking, and finally one little girl guessed how it was.  
BEATRICE ABLEMAN, Age 11,  
Norwich.

## Ten Little Pigs.

Ida and Jennie were two little girls who lived near the city. The electric cars passed by their home and they often rode in them.  
The little girls' papa was a farmer and Ida and Jennie used to think it lots of fun to go to the big barn and feed the horses, cows and pigs. In the back part of the barn was a pen of ten little pigs about three months old.  
One day when their papa had gone to Boston Ida and Jennie ran to the barn and opened the door of the pigpen. Oh! what a squealing and jumping about those little pigs had.  
The girls thought it great fun; but when they tried to get them back into their pen the pigs would not go.  
Then Ida and Jennie began to cry. They knew that their papa would be angry, for he told them never to open the door of the pigpen.  
All at once the pigs ran out as quick as they could. An electric car was passing by and the pigs were frolicking on the track in front of it.  
They will get killed," cried Jennie.  
But then the little girls stopped crying for the pigs had formed a double line and were running in front of the car. After a while the conductor and the driver told them to get the pigs back in the pen. They told their father what happened. He did not scold them, but laughed very much at what he heard.  
Norwich.

## A Seed.

I am a little brown seed. I live in a little brown shell.  
One day a little boy took me with him to the garden. He put me in the ground. It was very dark and cold down there.  
One day I thought I would go up and see what was going on. I was so long that I began to grow very fast.

## The Fox and the Cat.

One day, the fox and the cat were talking together.  
"Kitty," said the fox, "suppose some dogs came along. What would you do?"  
"Well, I can only do one thing," said Kitty. "I did not succeed then, the dogs would catch me."  
"Only one thing!" cried the fox. "I began to laugh. 'I know about one hundred tricks that I did not get away safely one way, why, I could try another.'"  
Then the dogs came. Both the fox and the cat ran away as quickly as they could. Kitty did the only thing she knew, and she ran to the hole in the wall. There she was quite safe, for the dogs could not reach her.  
But the fox, with all his fine tricks, could not get away.  
The dogs soon caught him.

## MONTCALM GAUTHIER, Age 9.

## Brooklyn.

## Bamboo.

China without bamboo would not be China. Here is a little composition which a Chinese boy wrote about bamboo.  
We have a bamboo hedge in our grounds. I am in it all the time. It is a quiet neighborhood, not a sign of war. The land has been in the family ever since Augustine's grandfather, John Washington had bought it when the British were in England in 1807. It is a quiet neighborhood, not a sign of war. The land has been in the family ever since Augustine's grandfather, John Washington had bought it when the British were in England in 1807.

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## The Fox and the Cat.

One day, the fox and the cat were talking together.  
"Kitty," said the fox, "suppose some dogs came along. What would you do?"  
"Well, I can only do one thing," said Kitty. "I did not succeed then, the dogs would catch me."  
"Only one thing!" cried the fox. "I began to laugh. 'I know about one hundred tricks that I did not get away safely one way, why, I could try another.'"  
Then the dogs came. Both the fox and the cat ran away as quickly as they could. Kitty did the only thing she knew, and she ran to the hole in the wall. There she was quite safe, for the dogs could not reach her.  
But the fox, with all his fine tricks, could not get away.  
The dogs soon caught him.

## MONTCALM GAUTHIER, Age 9.

## Brooklyn.

## Bamboo.

China without bamboo would not be China. Here is a little composition which a Chinese boy wrote about bamboo.  
We have a bamboo hedge in our grounds. I am in it all the time. It is a quiet neighborhood, not a sign of war. The land has been in the family ever since Augustine's grandfather, John Washington had bought it when the British were in England in 1807. It is a quiet neighborhood, not a sign of war. The land has been in the family ever since Augustine's grandfather, John Washington had bought it when the British were in England in 1807.

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